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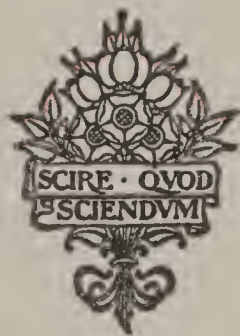


FOR YOU AND ME

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FOR YOU AND ME

By AMBROSE ELWELL
Author of "At the Sign of the
Red Swan," "Down River," etc.



Boston
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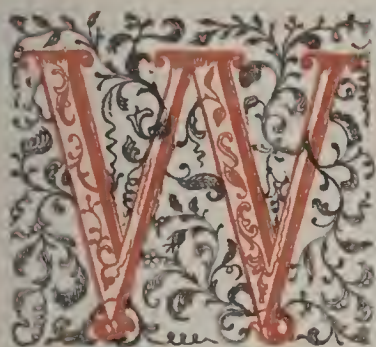
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MOTHER

MOTHER



WHEN love is gone, when
stars at night lose lustre,
when the warm sun of
spring fails to cheer the
heart, when the kiss is cold
and friends have gone forever, when youth
has fled to follow nimbler feet, and old age
points the way to life's darkening pathway,
when strangers rushing by at breathless pace
forget the courtesies they owe the world and
push aside those frailer than the rest, when
faith is waning and hope forlorn has seized
thy heart, and charity shall pass the needy
by, there wells a sweet and tender love within
thy bosom, to tell thee that the world is
good! A voice shall softly whisper within
thy soul, "Mother."

TO AN OLD CHURCH

TO AN OLD CHURCH



OMEWHERE in your memory is a picture of a church nestled in some village. From the hill its tiny spire rises above old elms, a picture serene, weaving itself in some manner into the story of your life.

For uncounted years the tones of the bell have given sounds of cheer' or' sadness. It has marked the passing to a better world or summoned men's souls to better deeds. Beneath, the old pews tell the story of friends and families come and gone. Silent' walls echo their voices. Here' inspirations and ideals took root, and hearts poured forth their reverence and devotion. Every phase of human existence blends in silence: death, marriage, mirth, sorrow, laughter, labor, and love, like a never-ending river.


It makes no difference who you are or where you may be, the picture of some old

church comes back with sweeping road before it, a village, the shady elms or maples, and neighbors' houses — all life landmarks.

You remember those friends who came to the tolling of the bell, and those who hear the tolling no more. You remember the shade and coolness of the old doorway where they passed to and fro. You cherish the innumerable ties, bringing reflections which penetrate the world of things of your innermost soul. The bells of any church bring back the picture, but the old meeting-house of years gone by is dearer than all the rest. Perhaps it stands on an island in the sea near fertile fields or barren shores; in verdant hills or valley. Perhaps the tiny spire rises still where home once was. It may be far away beside some sweet river, and near piney woods and shaded roadways where you played, awaiting your return to breathe again the balmy air and listen to the tolling of the bell when apple blossoms bloom or summer days are fairest.

TO AN OLD BARN

TO AN OLD BARN

 O you remember spreading
rafters and mows of hay,
and swallows darting in and
out great open doors? Do
you remember the sun
shower, pattering rain on the old shingled
roof when we played in the hay and, be-
neath, the cows shackled in their stanchions?
Days of the old barn.

Who has not had their happiest hours
there? We jumped and played and watched
the pitching from the heavy loads. Do you
remember the cold winter mornings, the
sifting snow, and hay rack left in idleness?
Where are they now, friends of childhood
who played there then? Is their house in
the hay destroyed?

The rafters still remain, the swallows
come in spring and go in fall. Dear is the
place which associates itself with happiest
days. Here and there remains a barn.

We greet it with a kindly nod for it may be giving now the happiness it gave then, so long ago.

How big it seemed! How wonderful its nooks and corners! Who did not love the hay and ox team? Who envies not the child who plays there?

It may be old and weather-beaten; its shingles are decayed, its rafters fallen, and the haymakers long since left the empty mows. If you return to watch the swallows flying in and out, it brings a touch of childhood and gives a pang of reverence. The brook runs on and on to the mill pond where we used to swim. The road winds itself along the old stone wall. Again you and I hear laughter. Bless the days of the old barn and give thanks for days of youth. Twilight gathers, the Harvest Moon—is set!

TO A LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

TO A LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE



T the fork of the road stands
the little red schoolhouse
with its flagpole at the
gable, the door carved with
initials of my old friends.

I see them now as they come to school, the
kindly teacher standing in the doorway to
welcome, as we patter in, barefooted, hatless,
but carefree.

The sun shines now as it used to then,
the waving grasses and goldenrod line the
road as they did so many years ago, but I
see no familiar childish faces to welcome me
now. Time has scattered them like leaves of
autumn. Behind the desks new faces have
replaced those I knew. Across the road is
the cemetery. I wander over. Yes, the sun
is shining on the names I read. They rest
there within hearing of the laughter. Be-
yond the fields I see the waters of the blue
bay and sandy shores where we once played.

The same west wind blows white-winged
ships to sea. Some sailed away on those ships
never to return, others sleep beside me.

Treasured are those friends of by-gone
days scattered north, south, east, and west;
the little red schoolhouse has sent them forth
to teach its teachings.

Let no hand molest the little building.
May it stand forever at the fork of the road
to lead the way for children's children, and
the children of my childhood.

TO AN OLD OAK

TO AN OLD OAK


IN my memory is an old oak tree. For more than a century its great arms outspread have given the weary traveler a place of shade and rest. It stands an ancient landmark. Not far is a homestead with old-fashioned chimneys, near by a pasture where cattle graze. Generations of men have passed beneath. Birds of the air have built their nests in confidence in its branches. Little children have played under its sheltering limbs. It stands like a monument of strength and truth weathering the lightning and storm, the heat and cold. It has no peer in the surrounding country, and is venerated by men. Like a great Goliath, in winter its form is silhouetted against the glories of the western sky, and in summer bathed in early morning mists. No other tree reflects such strength, character, simplicity, and love.

If love be steadfast, the oak is supreme. In simplicity it is like an aged father waiting to greet the home-comer. It grows stronger with the years. It bows its head in silence and modesty when the passerby remarks its beauty, and listens to the woes of man so frail beneath its strength. Like a great watchman of the night it guards the homestead, waiting the break of eastern dawn. Is there in your mind some great oak beneath whose branches once you played, to which you would return to renew the associations of youth? Would you like again to lie beneath its shade and watch the summer clouds above drift by?

Oh tree of trees! greater than all the rest, your branches spreading toward the blue heavens, your roots embedded in the bowels of God's earth, a monument to the treasured past!

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| | <p>TO AN OLD FIREPLACE</p> | |
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| | | |

TO AN OLD FIREPLACE

F you have ever sat before an old open fireplace and its hospitable warmth to watch the flames dance merrily on a cold winter's night, you have enjoyed the simplest of human delights. Then, if ever, you will sink into calm and rest.

If it be of ancient build in some comfortable old home, whether or not your ancestors gathered before its cheering blaze, you can but feel impressed with its power to bring a sense of home and a breath of cheer. The traveler from a far country, the returned sea captain, the busy man from the city, the invalid, those borne down by care and sadness, the child in its calmer moments, the lover, the old, the young, all feel the mesmeric influence of the burning logs, soft rising smoke, glow of the dying embers, ticking of the old clock, and

atmosphere of home surrounding. All bring back tender memories.

No place on earth is so apt to touch the heartstrings or stimulate the fancy to bring back pictures of days gone by. Countless persons gathered here, to come and go to unknown places. Episodes of human existence have here been enacted. Friends have left its warmth to return no more. If the tales here told could be retold, life's story would be written down. Here is the gathering point of families come and gone. The many hands which lifted logs are long since still. The dreams dreamt by dreamers gazing at the glow long since have passed into oblivion. The wind moans in the chimney to tell each listener a different story. To old age it sings one song, to youth another, to childhood lullabies of goblins and fairy things dancing with the ever-changing flames.

In autumn, when woodlands lose their radiance and the heart is saddened by ap-

proach of shorter days and more severe, the crackling birch or coal-red-oak reflect the warmth of summer or the beauties of the fall. In winter's sleet, when man prepares for wintry days and drear, it waits to give its cheer. Years come and go, seasons pass, men are made and unmade, while logs burn brightly in some fireplace you have known.

Of this book, the third work in America composed in Humanistic type, an edition of one thousand and twenty-five copies has been printed for Small, Maynard and Company, Incorporated, by The University Press, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, January, 1924, of which one thousand are for sale.

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